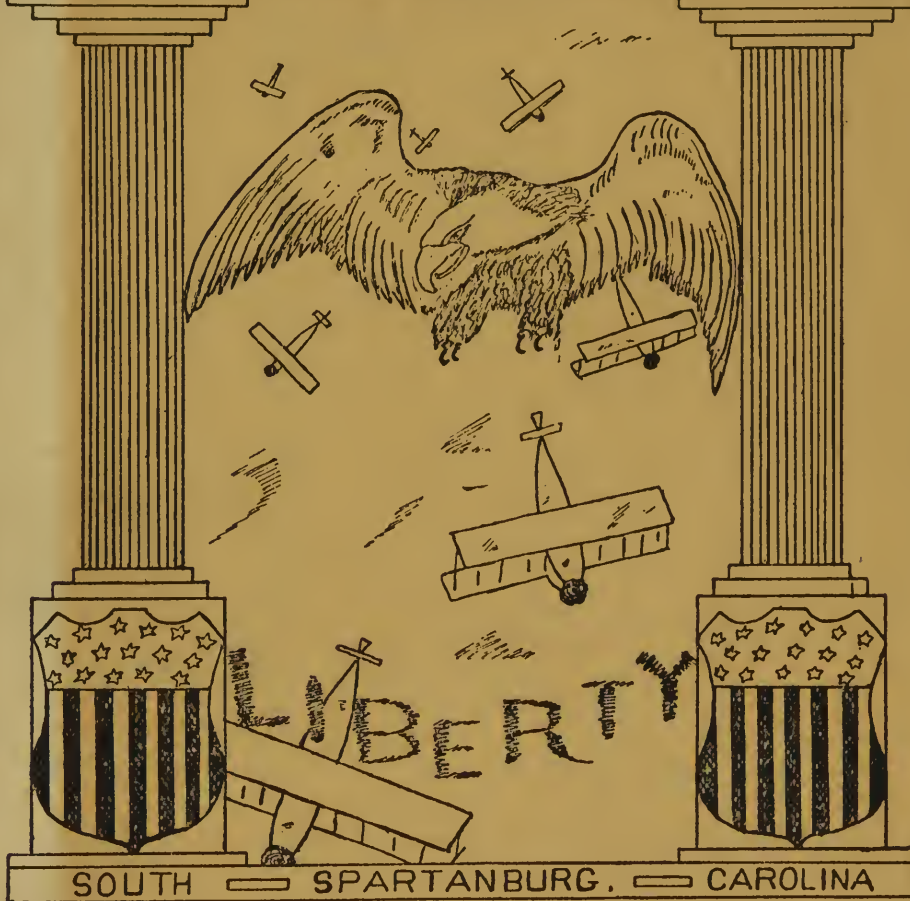


May 17, 1919

BIAND-FORYU

PUB. SEMI-MONTHLY. U.S. ARMY GEN. HOSP NO. 42 BY THE ENLISTED MEN.



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Vol. I

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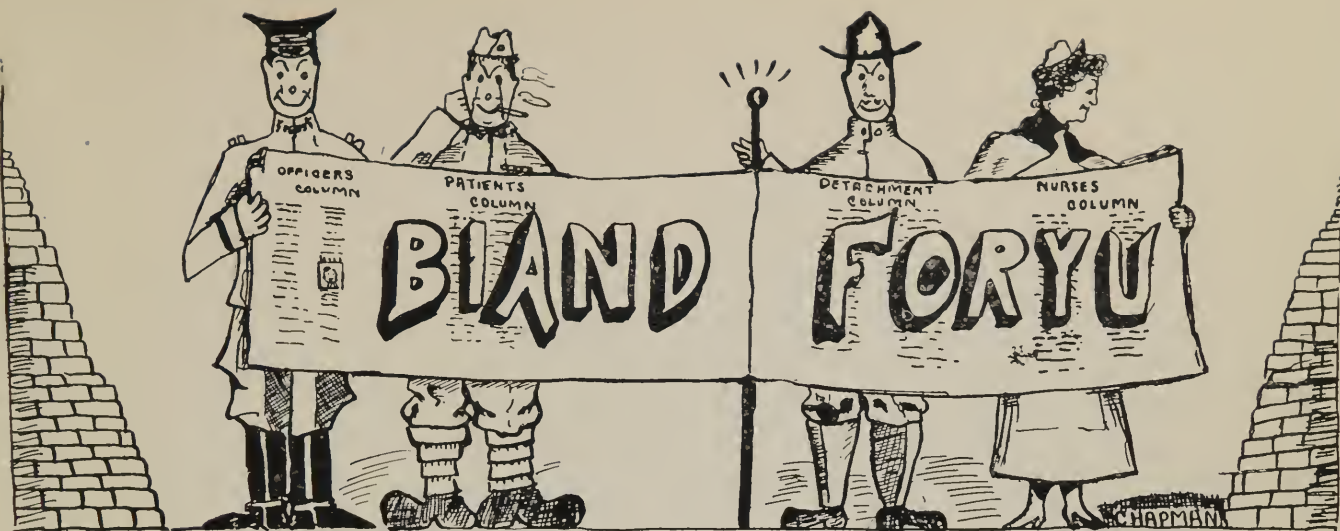
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Attention -- Overseas Men

There have been several thousand American boys reported missing in action. The Red Cross is making an effort to secure information concerning these boys. Their relatives are anxious to hear whether they were wounded, taken prisoners, or killed in action.

Mrs. Conley has been delegated to interview all overseas men with the view of obtaining information concerning boys who have been reported missing. A list of these boys, giving their organization and rank, has been furnished by the government. Mrs. Conley can be found at the Red Cross Convalescent House and it is desired that all overseas men communicate with her to aid in this work.



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Vol. 1. No. 2.

May 17, 1919

Price 5 Cents

The Rise of Kanahal

The Man Who Used A Lawn Mower To Cut His Hair

In the medical detachment during the war days, there was a man of huge mind and marvelous analytical powers. His name was Kanahal. All the soldiers feared his reasoning. His reason and naked intelligence were so teeming and fabricated with suggestions, that whenever he opened his mouth, other men held their breath and listened. His over-developed think-tank was luckily not recognized by his officers. To this day it is whispered that Kanahal was the best and most capable male nurse in the medical detachment. But be that as it may, one cannot justly refrain from

marvelling and inquiring into the stupendous aggregation of ideas so beautifully lodged in one man's brain-pan. To produce a city like Spartanburg as it was in 1918-19 to such a glorious growth as it attained in 1975 is a feat of no ordinary mind. I am going to tell you about this. Men like Kanahal are born once in every million years. Now don't stop here but read on--Listen!

The secret of his success was the separation of the delicious, creamy fragrant oil from the husks of the cotton plant, which encloses the cotton ball. This husk had heretofore been thrown

away. Millions of iron men were brought to light by this discovery. It was like finding dollars in a soldier's pockets two days after pay day.

When the hospital was finally abandoned in 1940, and the key was thrown in the Tiger River by a fellow named Stone, Kanahal was then a man well along in years. It was a fortunate trick of fate that his officers had not recognized his innate ability or his application for discharge. When he failed to get discharged, Kanahal did not sit down and cry like a baby, but turned disaster into success. Kanahal was all man. Necessity is the mother of invention, it has been wisely suggested. Kanahal had a growing inclination to become bald-headed. To a handsome lady's man, baldness is ever a subject of perplexity and disconcertion. Somehow ladies do not care for bald-headed men. It finally with Kanahal, resolved itself into the question of growing hair or not seeing any more women. A vital question. Kanahal has always been an ardent and close observer of nature. Year after year as Kanahal noticed the luxuriant whiteness and silkiness of the cotton, repeatedly the question would bob up in his mind, "where does the oil come from to make this exquisite beauty," and then a companion longing would fill his soul, "Oh if I could only grow hair as beautiful as that cotton plant can grow cotton." This question and wish were the same sort of stimulus to Kanahal as the falling apple was to Sir Isaac Newton.

In turning the question over and over in his voluminous mind and experimenting with the cotton he made this discovery. One day the cotton husk gave out an oily, smooth liquid which remained on his fingers. He looked at it in his own peculiar, scrutinizing way. Eureka. He was on the verge of discovering a panacea for bald heads. Along with his other accomplishments, Kanahal was a chemist. As a youth he had won fame for blocks around among his boyhood friends by mixing "Coca-Cola" and alcohol. In 1926; I think that date is correct, he was relieved from duty in the ward on which he was working. The

exact reason is to this day unknown. I have since heard that he sassed one of the gray-headed nurses and she turned him in; but that is aside from the point. All that is of consequence in this step was that he was transferred for duty in the laboratory.

With the five thousand dollars he had saved during his army career, he purchased all the cotton husks for miles around. He explained his idea to the officer in charge, and with a little promise of graft on the side, the famous Kanahal was allowed to go on his way unhampered.

By a secret formula of some treacherous gas, the husks yielded up their valuable oil. By a high pressure steam, the impurities remaining after the gas bath, were driven out. No one knows even now the exact process except Kanahal. But the product does surely grow hair. As an experiment to prove the worth of the oil and its hair producing results, Kanahal rubbed the oil all over his sleek, muscular body. Over night the hair flourished to the unbelievable length of

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Spartanburg, S. C.

two feet. Truly he looked like a gorilla. He could not put his army clothes on. So thus protected from the elements, Kanahal had no further use for his wearing apparel. He discarded them. In this doubtful condition, Kanahal, for some unknown reason, went over to watch the boys play tennis. As he passed the place where Ted, the bear was kept, there was a mighty growl and a terrific tugging at the little house in which the bear quartered. Ted, the bear then old and decrepid, fat and lazy, had mistaken this hairy creature, evidently, for one of his own hairy kind. He struggled so strenuously that the cartoid vein in his neck bursted against the pressure of the collar. Ted died. All the boys loved that bear dearly and the boys as they read this will be deeply grieved over this untimely loss. That was the end of that priceless pal of the medical boys. Kanahal was so mortified that thereon he resolved never again to go without his clothes. Now he has a little machine constructed on the principle of a lawn mower with which he keeps his hair pruned so that he can wear his clothes with comfort.

Well, you can see what this testimony did. If Kanahal could grow hair in such abundance, why not others.

After all the patients were out of the hospital in 1940, I think that date is correct, Kanahaland his co-workers took over the whole equipment and started in the manufacture of their unusual product. Men with their families flocked to Spartanburg. The product had an enormous run. Bald-headed men all over this country as well as in others were extolling the saving results and worthy merits of the remedy. The more the users of this remedy extoled, the more these silver eagles flew into the portals of the "Successful City of Success." Millions upon millions of "samolians" began pouring into the coffers of the wonder city of the hills. Beautiful, costly, architecturally styled houses began to dot the banks and sideways of the smooth, glassy concourse as it curled snake-like from the city to the plant of

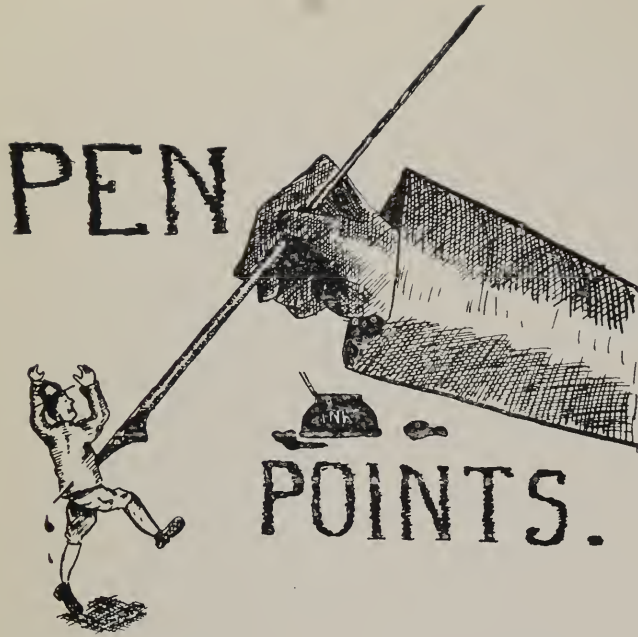
the K. K. K. concern. The city grew and grew; bulged and expanded; the success of the city was assured. Atlanta had long been passed in 1960 in the race for population statistics. The ugly, snarly little creek which one used to pass when going from the camp to the city in the days of the camp was transformed through the expenditure of fabulous sums into a great vista of flowers and perfumed shrubbery. It was as if Alladin with his mysterious little lamp had performed the change.

The demand for the restorer was so enormous and beyond supply in the foreign countries where there are many hen-pecked husbands that it was necessary to construct a canal of the proportions of the Panama Canal from Charleston to the foot of the Tiger River. Steamers now come into the doors of Spartanburg with their products in exchange for the K. K. K. product.

Smart little tugs hurry and snort uproariously as they bring their loads of cotton husks from the surrounding farm lands. Washington officials were sent by the dozens to review and investigate the phenomenal growth. President Dyak, an old friend of Kanahal's, president of the United States has had several conferences with the head of the K. K. K. plant. And foreigners were astounded at the immensity of this plant. Back in the fifties the wooden buildings of the hospital gave way to more imposing and durable factory buildings. The mammoth Ford buildings in Detroit look like a mouse trap alongside a haystack in comparison.

That, my son, is the story. I have told it briefly. We people of Spartanburg are indebted to this noble man. I am told that if as a youth, he had had his voice trained and plowed, he, today, would have been singing with the best of them. Even now my eyes rain with tears whenever memory calls back that melodious, superb voice wailing out, "When the Black Sheep Returns to the Fold."

K. K. K. stands for Kanahal's Koncotion Kure. (This is one of the most carefully guarded secrets).



Wanted: By the printers of the Biand-Foryu. ---
Authority to ink-up all loafers.

Needed: By the Detachment men.---Pair of new
shoes with soles - rubber heels not demanded.

Shoot a dollar is the pass word to a number
of the inner-most circles after pay day.

Smile a new disease that should be more
contagious in this hospital. Don't get inoculated
against it as it helps more than all the drugs and
rest hours.

"General Orders"---Mess Hall.

Boys do you know your "general orders?"
If you don't you are requested to memorize them
immediately, as you may be asked by the mess
officer at any time to recite them. The orders
are as follows:

1. To take charge of all spuds and gravy in
view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner
keeping always on the alert for any stray sau-
sages that come within sight, smell or hear-
ing.
3. To repeat all calls for seconds.
4. To quit the table only when satisfied there is
nothing left.

5. To receive, but not to pass on to the man
next to me, any meat, cabbage or beans left
by the non-coms, buck privates or cuckoos.
6. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
7. In case of fire in the mess hall, to grab all
eatables left by others in their escape.
8. In any case not covered by instructions, to
report to the dietician.
9. To allow no one to steal anything in the line
of grub.
10. To salute all chickens, beefsteaks, beans-
pork chops, eggs and liver.
11. To be especially watchful at the table, and
during the time of eating to challenge any
one who gets more prunes than myself.

Notes of Cheer for Nurses.

You won't always have to be in the army.
It's better to have convalescent than bed
patients.

It's nicer to have real china dishes with real
gold trimmings than that "unbreakable china."

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SPARTANBURG, S. C.

Days Gone, but Never Forgotten.

My buddie and I joined the army,
 One sultry day last year,
 They put us aboard a South-bound train,
 Headed far from the land of beer;
 We leaned back in our seats,
 As the train began to hum,
 Dreaming of a soldier's life,
 And shooting up the un.

At last we struck old Spartanburg,
 We gave a mighty yell,
 For little did we dream,
 What this camp could tell;
 A truck was there to meet us,
 Two sergeants with a lamp,
 Got us aboard in a jiffy,
 And we started out to camp,

They fed us Army beans that night,
 And then stuck us in a tent,
 Along with a red headed guy,
 By the name of K. C. Bent;
 In the morning at half-past five,
 We had to tumble to,
 In fact it was fall in, fall out,
 Whenever the bugle blew.

The sergeant took us to a shack,
 Where they fixed us up in style,
 With a pair of shoes and a uniform,
 Which often brings a smile;
 And then they marched us to a spot,
 A place we all know well,
 To drill eight hours every day,
 In the sun that was hot as h--l.

The months passed by, though years it seems,
 Thank God its nearly over,
 For the rest of my life I'll lie in bed,
 And live in the land of clover;
 The army may be a home to some,
 As my buddie said to me,
 But Broadway, in old New York,
 Is Home Sweet Home to me.

Pvt. Jack Deichsel.
 Barracks H-62

Get Well.

The first duty of the readers of this paper is to GET WELL. Afterwards, to live. To live for their own sake and that of the country which they served. This is a real duty, this getting well business. You owe it to yourself. Your life is no longer yours to keep or cast away as you see fit. Perhaps some of us have thought that the days when we could serve are over. That, because we have been taken from the line, We are dead weight, merely an encumbrance. It is not so. To most of us, here in this Government institution, there never will be a crowded pier of cheering, crying joy-mad people. Some of us will go back to civil life, quietly. We will find work, quietly. And so on--for a lifetime--the orderly uneventfulness of the stay-at-home.

Such a life will be our part of patriotism--the part that wins no garlands, gets no mention in the common glossary of those who serve.

But your duty--GET WELL.

The New York Restaurant

*For bite or sup of food the best
 The New York Restaurant
 stands the test,
 Of delicacies there is no end
 And coffee--just the finest
 blend,
 Mark well the name--
 your friends relate
 It's the best in town
 and up-to-date.*

120 Magnolia Street
 Spartanburg, South Carolina

Haste Might Make Waste.

Capt. Sam Bucklew, Federal Advisor at this hospital, has just returned from an extensive trip among southern cities during which he investigated the cases of several ex-soldiers, who, after being bischarged, have found it necessary to call on Uncle Sam for further assistance in helping them to recover. No one can blame the patients for being anxious to get "home again," but it will probably be a paying policy for them if they will leave it to the medical officers to decide when they are to go, and not to raise too much of a hurry about getting out.

More Truth Than Poetry.

The Eagle to the mountain,
The river to the sea,
The nymph to the fountain
And a discharge to me.

The Doughboy's Prayer.

Our Father who art in Washington
Hurried be thy name,
Thy will be done in the Army as it is in the Navy.
Give us this day our discharge
And forgive us our A. W. O. L.'s as we forgive the bugler and the mess Sergeant and all those that wear bars,
And lead us not into the Army of Occupation,
But deliver us from the Fatigue Squad
For thine is the Army, the M. P. and the S. O. S.
For ever and ever.

Wee Wee.

Let It Keep Coming.

More copy has been sent in for this issue of B-I-A-N-D F-O-R-Y-U than it is possible to publish. Don't be discouraged if your poem or item is left out of this issue. If you are to be discharged or transferred and wish a copy of the next issue, leave your name and address at Reconstruction Headquarters.

Discharge Under Circular No. 77

The War Department gives a further interpretation of Cir. No. 77, 1918, in Cir No. 213 under date of April 28, 1919, as follows:

It should be clearly understood that it is the policy of the War Department to discharge every man enlisted or drafted for the emergency if eligible for discharge, as soon as he can be spared, regardless of whether or not his case comes within the provisions of Circular No. 77, War Department, 1918, provided he cannot be used under existing authority to release another man who is eligible for discharge under this circular.

Therefore, in effect, Circular No. 77, War Department, 1918, as amended and interpreted, should serve only to establish the order in which men drafted or enlisted for the emergency should be discharged.

War Risk Insurance

The following decision of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, relative to insurance in case of total and permanent disability, is given in W. D., Cir. 237, 1919, as follows:

"1. Men who are still in the service, may claim their insurance on account of total and permanent disability by executing Form No. 526, which is the form also used to claim compensation. In claiming insurance on account of total and permanent disability, question 11 in the blank, which asks for the nature and extent of the disability claimed, should be answered 'total and permanent.' Of course questions 9 and 10, date, place and cause of last discharge should be answered by stating that the claimant has not yet been discharged from the military service. The application should be accompanied by a physician's report from the examining or attending physician on Form 504, which has also been supplied and may be obtained from the bureau in any case where the supply has become depleted.

"2. Upon receipt of Form 526 and 504 properly filled out, the man's claim for insurance on account of total and permanent disability will be adjudicated, and if insurance is vested, and an award made, the Commanding Officer at the camp, barracks, station or hospital where the man is detailed will be immediately notified so that further deduction of premiums may be discontinued. Any premiums that have been collected from the date that the claimant is found to have become totally and permanently disabled up to the date that the notice of the award is received by the Commanding Officer, and further deductions discontinued, will be returned by the bureau.

"3. It will be advisable on all these cases to have the disabled soldier execute a second Form No. 526 in presentation of his claim for compensation at the time of his discharge, in order that it may be accompanied by the report of his physical examination at that time."

Victory Medal.

A War Service Medal to be known as the Victory Service Medal, is authorized by General Order, No. 48, W. D., L919, and will be awarded to all officers and enlisted men, excluding members of the Students' Army Training Corps, who served on active duty in the Army of the United States, for a period of fifteen days at any time between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918, and whose service was honorable.

Battle Clasps will be awarded for each of the following major operations: To be eligible for Battle Clasp, the officer or enlisted man must have actually participated under orders in the engagement. Somme, defensive, March 21 to April 6, 1918; Lys, April 9 to April 27, 1918; Aisne, May 27 to June 5, 1918; Montdidier-Noyon, June 9 to June 15, 1918; Champagne-Marne, July 18 to August 6, 1918; Somme, offensive, August 8 to November 11, 1918; Oise-Aisne, August 18 to November 11, 1918; Ypres-Lys, August 19 to November 11, 1918; St. Mihiel, September 12 to September 16, 1918; Meuse-Argonne, September 20 to November 11, 1918; Vittorio-Veneto, October 24 to November 4, 1918.

A bronze star, three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, will be placed on the service ribbon for each Battle Clasp awarded. When an officer or enlisted man has been cited in orders issued from the headquarters of a force commanded by a gen-

eral officer for gallantry in action, not justifying the award of a Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Cross or Distinguished Service Medal, he will wear a silver service star for each such citation.

Victory Buttons.

Circular 206, effective April 22, 1919, has been issued to amend Par. 1, Cir. No. 187, W. D., 1919, and is as follows:

A lapel button to be known as the Victory Button, for wear on civilian clothes will be issued to all officers, enlisted men, field clerks and members of the Army Nurse Corps, who served on active duty in the Army of the United States, at any time between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918, and whose service was honorable. The button will be silver for those wounded in action, and bronze for all others.

Latest Popular Songs—Illustrated.



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Doings of the Nurses.

Saturday evening, May 3rd, an informal dance was held in the Nurse's Recreation Hall.

On Monday evening, May 5th, a number of the nurses successfully entertained in honor of Miss Marie Kilgus. Cards and dancing were the features of the evening. Why in "honor of Miss Kilgus?" Ask Lieutenant Hooten.

Dancing instruction is given in the Recreation Hall on Tuesday evenings, followed by an informal social hour.

A very pleasant card party was held in the Recreation Hall Wednesday evening, May 8th.

Nurses who enjoyed 48 hours leave of absence during the past two weeks are: The Misses Deeks, Johnson, Hexter, Haywood, Edge, Cooper and Mrs. Jenkins.

Nurses on furlough are the Misses Carey, Appleton, and Renard.

Arrival of nurses for duty: Misses Florence Brookes, Amelia Dixon, Alice Fox, Electa Hughes, and Pask; all from Fort Thomas, Ky.

Miss Milne, graduate nurse, left on May 8th for Fort McPherson, Atlanta, Ga., having been transferred there for the purpose of assisting with the administration of anesthetics.

Miss Gould of H-40 wants everyone to know that she is now out of bed and don't intend to go back.

Miss Lee of H-40 has decided to stay here indefinitely.

Etiquette for Officers---As A Nurse Sees It.

With apologies to the very few to whom this does not apply:

1. Officers should always enter the bus first, especially when there is a group of nurses waiting.
2. On rainy days inside seats are reserved for officers. The nurses enjoy the rain.
3. Ward surgeons to have no conversation with the nurses in charge, all communications to be written and left on the desk.
4. Never offer a graduate nurse a chair, they do enjoy standing.
5. When addressing a nurse, put your feet on the desk, lean back and be comfortable. They are getting used to it.
6. When nothing else to do take a trip up the ward and look for dirt, you will find it.
7. When an operation is to be performed, never notify the operating room, it might be ready.
8. Never do dressing in the morning. The nurses enjoy doing them in the afternoon.
9. When addressing nurse in charge of ward, never call her by name, just yell 'Nurse' and see what will happen.
10. Never ask a nurse about her patients,

she might be able to give you some information.

11. If in doubt about two little words, 'please' and 'thank you', consult Webster, as these words are apparently becoming obsolete in the army.

12. If you see any candy on the desk, help yourself, but don't ever bring any.

13. Whenever possible, all cigarette ashes and butts are to be scattered around the desk, as it almost makes us feel at home.

14. When all is said and done, and you come to the end of a busy day, bid the nurse "good night" and smile, even if it hurts at first.

15. Co-operation is needed; any suggestions, rules or regulations for graduate nurses will be cheerfully received and acted upon if possible. Here is your chance; knock back.

'Know Dillon?

Who starts the rolling of the ball?
 Who has us at her beck and call?
 Who is it nothing can appal?
 JUST DILLON!

Who is it tours 'round the camp?
 Seeking whom she can to vamp?
 And on him place her private stamp?
 JUST DILLON!

Who is it always peeps ahead?
 Who goes where others fear to tread?
 When riot acts are being read?
 JUST DILLON!

Who pulls us from our downy bed?
 Who gets us all to seeing red,
 Before our morning prayers are said?
 JUST DILLON!

We hope someday for our reward,
 For living through her wild discord,
 We'll have to leave her to the Lord;
 OUR DILLON!

Old Classics Revised.

To THE T. B. GERMS:
 You put me where I am today,
 I hope you're satisfied.
 You weighed and weighed me down until,
 I drank so much water I nearly died.
 You shattered each and all my nerves.
 You hounded me from the start.
 I swear that this is true, that is why I blame you.
 You're the curse of a T. B. heart.

Our Ward Surgeon.

Talk of a "broken reed!"
 Not such a "Reid" have we,
 But a man that's true and, yet kind,
 To care for such as we!
 No weakling, seeking rest,
 But a soldier doing his bit
 To help and guide, in the way that's best,
 Till we're a hundred per cent more fit.
 Here's to our truest friend!
 With thanks from everyone,
 For his help and patience, that has no end,
 A job, that is no fun. THE IDLER

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 of the Season's Prevailing Styles

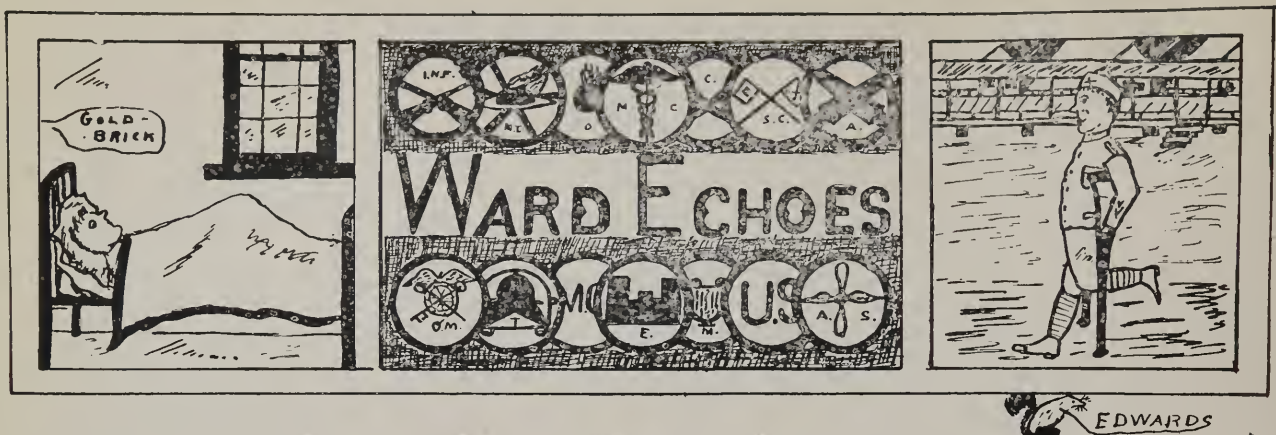
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 have your name registered.*

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 always find it here"

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 Department Store

SPARTANBURG, S. C.



Sam Travis of Ward 30 says a man is out of luck when he is short in either length or money for first he can't see the movies and second he can't go to the movies.

Have you sent a copy of B-I-A-N-D F-O-R-Y-U home??

Don't be a bit backward about sending your contributions in. Hand them to your wardmaster, or drop them in the box at the Red Cross Building. Anything of general interest is welcome.

Al Gauggel is still trying to get a furlough. Al has been trying to get a furlough since he came back from his last one.

Of all the military terms and expressions that we know of, the most common and most frequently used is: "Give us a cigarette; will yah?" And the post exchange is only open seven days a week.

Private Glessner of Ward 18 spoiled the excellent record established by that ward, by absenting himself without leave. A. W. O. L. generally means "always without lucre thereafter."

Eight of the men from Ward 18 are anticipating being transferred to Oteen, North Carolina.

Ward 18 has a 'human rooster,' in Private Felts. It is a real treat to hear him. Some

chanticleer. Maybe he wakes the bugler up.

Sergeant Hammonds of Ward 28, recently returned from furlough; claims that going home simply makes you realize what you are missing down here. Rather expensive realizing it however.

Thomas of Ward 28 is real snappy. Always taking pictures.

Captain Buckleu:--"Do you want to take some reconstructional work here?"

Sergt. Hall (ward 16):--"Yes, I want to take a complete course of instructions on how to get out of the army."

Most of the over-seas men that arrive in the States feel like Venus De Milo because they are nearly all stone broke.

Patients in Ward 23 have good rice every day in the week, and have no objections to it. Miss Rice happens to be one of the most popular nurses on duty at this post.

Hospital Sergeant Ferguson, the Beau Brummel of these wards, evidently has found something interesting in town, as he has a standing request for a pass.

Sergeant McBride, of the Medical Detachment, formerly sergeant of the guard and recently newly-wed, also just returned from furlough;

was on duty only two days when he was admitted to the Hospital. The sergeant is now in Ward 12, but expects to be discharged--no not from the army--simply from the ward.

Each day this week, the list of readers of this column has grown smaller throughout the patients, and not on account of lack of interest but because of the fact that so many men were sent from this hospital to demobilization centers.

That Jazz Band from Converse College were certainly a bunch of bee-u-tiful girls. Come again soon girls! We always like to see you.

Oversea patients are trying to figure out which bug is the hardest to fight; the Cootie or the T. B. bug. Both are stickers!

Misses Palmer and Wishart of H-40 are now spending 30 and 21 days respectively at their homes on sick leave. Both live in the western part of the country, and will have to travel days to get home, however, no distance is to great too travel when you are going home.

Miss Amanda Royer is a newcomer to H-40, having just recently arrived from oversea.

A party of nurses from H-40 paid a visit to the cotton mills, a few miles from here, and were highly pleased at seeing some of the many devices used in preparing the cotton.

Miss Wilson of H-40, better known among the occupants of that ward as "Woodrow," seems to be as active as ever. Not tubercularly speaking, but socially.

A contribution to this column has been received from the patients of Ward 6, wishing Miss Ferguson, the nurse on duty on that ward, the best of wishes for a very pleasant time while on furlough. Miss Ferguson has never had a leave since being in the service, and will no doubt make the most of this one.

Private Johnson of ward 16 evidently was spoiled while at home on furlough, as he cannot seem to overcome the habit of over-sleeping.

Johnson has missed breakfast now for the past ten days.

Privates Whitley and Kopp of Ward 16, have just returned from furloughs while Corp. Jenkins has just left for 15 days.

Wards 27 and 28 have a frog serenade each evening for some unknown reason. Drop around any evening and enjoy this performance.

It is rumored that a certain Mr. Foley of Ward 14 took unto himself a wife. Congratulations.

Scruggs of Ward 16 loves to walk; especially when someone offers to buy anything at the little store on the highway.

"Gold Brick," Perry of Ward 28, returned from a furlough, and is as "PEP-LESS" as ever. The boys thought that going to a big city would brighten him up a bit. Here's a quarter Perry; get the haircut!

Big Combs of Ward 14, takes his knitting with him wherever he goes.

All those who were present at the several entertainments held at the grandstand in the rear of the Reconstruction Department were well paid for their trip. Much credit is due the rising firm of Conley, Levine and Farrel, for the manner in which those affairs were handled. The various boxing bouts are very popular and more will be welcomed.

Charlie Seibert, the duskiest, lengthiest warrier seems to have grown an inch or two each time you see him.

Next?

During the last three weeks in April over 400 patients under treatment in this hospital, were either transferred for discharge or discharged on Certificate of Disability. During the week beginning with the fifth of May, approximately 200 patients were transferred to other camps for

discharge. This speaks well for many who have been awaiting transfer; that their case will receive attention very soon.

Sgt. Edward Bentley, when leaving for Fort Sheridan, confided in a few that there would be wedding bells ringing in a little Illinois town about the middle of June. Be careful Everett, because the next time that you are sworn in, it will be harder to get a discharge.

We are unable to tell whether our Frank, of the Red Cross, is taking up stenography just as a passtime, or whether he intends to make it a life work.

One of the boys in Ward A-4 on one of the hot nights last week, was looking for a cool place to put his bunk. He asked someone where the strongest draft was. The reply was that he might find it in his own home town at the local board.

Notice boys Doctor Rowbotham, of the Y. M. C. A., is now with us. Just the same old "Dad."

When anyone asks Mr. Stone, of the Red Cross for an introduction to the black haired lady who seems to be quite interested in Red Cross work; he only smiles and says: "Anything but my 'guil.'" Old boy, don't be so stingy!

Private De Rogue of Ward A-4, should get rubber heels put on his shoes, as the party sleeping below him would then get more rest.

Shorty Combs of Ward A-7, the handsome little son of Mr. and Mrs. Combs of North Carolina, is now improving his appearance with a Charlie Chaplin "tash."

Ask Private 1st Class Miller in Ward A-3, how much he had to buy at the New York Restaurant to keep from taking a certain young lady out in the rain.

Suggest that Private Carlisle in Ward A-1 be fitted with glasses as he has some trouble in distinguishing colors when he tries to make a date.

Albert Loyd has been so long in the hos-

pital that he has some trouble in doing all his packing.

Mrs. Montgomery, of Spartanburg, (Mother Montgomery), is one of the ladies that is always thinking of how many little kindnesses she can show the men. She takes a number out in her new car every week for a ride.

Why I'm Here

By one of the Bug-fighters

I'm not here because I'm pretty,

I'm not here because I'm witty,

I'm not here because they've got my life insured.

But the doctors keep on pounding,

And they listen to the sounding,

So they'll keep me here until they know I'm cured.

I'm not here because they love me,

Like the angels high above me;

I'm the worst old pest they ever have endured.

And it makes the surgeon shiver

When he listens to my liver,

So they'll keep me here until they know I'm cured.

So I guess I'll quit my crabbin',

And I'd better go to grabbin'

About everything there is to be secured.

I'll be pretty darn well treated.

When the fixin's all completed,

So I guess I'll stick around here 'til I'm cured.

Ward Notes From Ward 27.

It is rumored that John Mentzer owns a comb.

Lacey Harris and John Penny are policemen, but they don't like the initials L. H.

Wil someone please tell us what becomes of the potato peelings on our potatoes.

Somebody found hair in the milk. Maybe that was put in the milk to make us believe that there was a cow near when it was made.

Biand Foryu A. B. C.'s

Dedicated to the only woman,
 The alphabetical, varing Miss Edge
 On the Staff of the new Journal,
 Appearing in new dress full fledged:
 The staff, a cable of live wire
 (Here is given each individually)
 Who never, well hardly ever, tire
 Their title, also their name
 All literary high flyers.

A-dvisor, Lt. Philip Conley.
 B-irge, Edward, Captain, M. C.
 C-Miss Francis Edge, alphabetical.
 D-ale Winterbourne, Sergeant.
 E-dward Edwards, Welch Private.
 F-rank Sprint a runner, also Sergeant.
 G-alleher, Robert, an Irish Private.
 H-utchinson, A. V. of lower grade Corporal.
 I-rvin Chapman, a building Private.
 J-oseph Peele, a Sergeant not a millionaire.
 K-now there are two more.
 L-estley Salter, Sergeant pines for air.
 M-ore? Yes one more.
 N-o I cannot think, my mind is blank.
 O-Now I have it since I ponder.
 P-erhaps you can guess who it is.
 Q-ueer you cannot recall, remember.
 R-ince your mind with grape juice.
 S-amuel, Goose-do you know man.
 T-omorrow come and meet these.
 U-should know them.
 V-ery well, you say.
 W-ill it be convenient?
 X-actly so, at chow at twelve.
 Y-es I will be there.
 Z-ounds' what a mess.

R. H. E.

Boxing Tournament Coming

Marty Farrel, the Camp Boxing and Athletic Instructor, will be glad to have any men come out for boxing lessons. Any men wishing to perform in any of the coming tournaments, can enter by applying in person to Mr. Garrel. Prizes will be given to winners in these tournaments.

For Music Lovers

The Pied Orchestra of South Spartanburg is now conducting a nocturnal series of concerts, free of charge, in the woods adjacent to the rustic bungalow of Adjutant Holt. Lovers of natural music may, perhaps enjoy it, but a number of the patients on the upper runway are prescribing poisonous hypo charges to be given individually to the performers.

The volume of music is at its largest in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, shortly after which it is shamed to silence by the sparrows' cry of Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!

"If" and "Maybe."

Romance began by a waving,
 From a window pane;
 Then came a note and flowers,
 Then a "man insane."
 An "if" came and reported
 To a "Maybe," but we are not sure,
 But this we know and dare to say---
 Such "Rushing" was a cure.

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Each piece is a product of
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Department of Reconstruction



THE Educational Service or, as it has been frequently called, the Department of Reconstruction, has become an integral part of each of the United States Army General Hospitals. Before the problems of returning soldiers to health and hardened strength arose, this particular work was unknown. It was found, however, that hospital life is prone to be accompanied with many idle hours, often for weeks and even months, during which time the convalescing patient is inactive. There developed naturally a tendency for the soldier to become inert, stale, sluggish, and apathetic. Such a muscular and mental condition retarded convalescence. It was found that not only does over exertion of softened muscles often accompanies unsupervised exercise or work, but also that the mental and physical depression were reflected in loss of sleep, loss of appetite, poor nutrition and assimilation, and slow recovery.

The experiment to keep the men busy and occupied at some profitable and interesting occupation was tried. The fact was quickly established that improvement became more rapid and that patients could be discharged from hospitals with a shorter period of residence than by the old plan of long dreary, empty hours. Patients became brighter, felt better, and finally had learned to do many things which proved profitable upon their return to civilian life. And also it was further found that fewer patients broke down under the strain caused by return to regular work, for in the hospital exercises they had become hardened and accustomed to activity and were physically conditioned for the work to which they returned.

As a result of all this, the Educational Service has been definitely established. Its work is similar to that of the medical and surgical services, for its work is primarily curative although it is vocational as well. Ward surgeons prescribe a certain amount and kind of work which each patient is physically fitted to do. Conference is had with each patient and work is chosen by the patient which he is competent to follow and which should prove of value to him. Because the work is prescribed in order to hasten the recovery of the patient it is essential that the assignment must be followed regularly and consistently. Failure to do so is accompanied by withdrawal of privileges or by disciplinary measures such as are used in refusal to follow other medical prescriptions.

The work which is now open to patients of this hospital is as follows:

Agriculture, roadside repair, chauffering, vulcanizing, oxy-acetylene welding, typewriting, shorthand, book-keeping, cost accounting, mimeograph and multigraph operating, commercial English, commercial law 1, commercial law 2, English including reading, advanced English, arithmetic, advanced arithmetic, writing, penmanship, motion picture operating, typesetting and composition, press feeding, salesmanship, telegraphy, carpentry, cabinet making, estimates and contracts.

Additional courses will be added later as demand arises.

All courses are now open for registration.



EDWARDS

Colonel MacMasters, a regular army officer, recently took command of Camp Wadsworth. Colonel MacMasters commanded the 365th Infantry, recently returned from overseas and which was demobilized at Camp Upton, N. Y. The colonel is acclimated to existing conditions, being a native of Columbia, S. C.

The following named officers recently arrived at this hospital for duty in various departments: Capt. Geo. H. Cottermole M. C.; 1st Lt. Clyde B. Covey M. C.; Capt. Chas. S. Jordan M. C.; Capt. Lum G. Neal M. C.; Capt. Chas. C. Orr M. C.; 1st Lt. Alex M. Rosenblum; 1st Lt. Samuel Snyder M. C. All of these officers are tuberculosis specialists except Lieutenant Covey, who is a neuro-psychiatrist, and who now fills a position left vacant for some time. Lieutenant Rosenblum is exceptionally well qualified in the administration of the Von Pirquet test and tuberculin; Maj. F. H. Mills, M. C.; from Camp Lee, Va.; Capt. I. I. Hirscham, from Camp Travis, Fort Sam Houston, Texas; 1st Lt. R. A. Hayes, Dental Corps, from U. S. Army General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPerson, Ga.; 1st Lt. A. O. Holmes, M. C., from U. S. Army General Hospital No. 14, Fort Oglethorpe.

A very delightful evening was enjoyed by all the officers, nurses, and aides who attended the entertainment given by the nurses in the Nurses' Recreation Building. The dances were especially

pleasant, the "Paul Jones" making many loosen up and forget their usual dignity. Following the dancing, various games were indulged in. A large number attended, and from reports received, all had a delightful time.

Major Watterson, Chief of the Medical Service, is now in Chicago visiting his family. Oh yes, the Major has a family, and undoubtedly on his return will be very jovial.

Lieutenant Pearlman is spending his money endeavoring to dim the lights on Old Broadway.

Captain Eckles has gone to the "Smoky City" Pittsburgh for a change in atmosphere.

Lieutenant Conley has returned from a short leave, and as usual, has been looking after affairs of a business nature.

Maj. F. H. Mills, M. C. arrived at this hospital on May 7th, from Infantry Officers' School, Camp Lee, Va., where he served as surgeon and senior instructor in hygiene. Major Mills will serve as assistant to the Commanding Officer.

On Monday May 5th, a social was given by the nurses at the Red Cross Recreation House to the Medical Officers of the Hospital. The social turned out to be a most pleasant surprise party, being the means of announcing the engagement of Miss M. R. Kilgus to Second Lieutenant J. E. Hooten. Their many friends are flooding them with congratulations.

Handsome Henry

Or

The Adventure of the Diseased Flivver

By D. Tecative

Disguised as a burglar, the eminent detectative, N. Carter was busily engaged in burglarizing his room. An empty pocket book and a hard-hearted landlady made a change of abode, not only desirable but necessary. That is a combination that has caused many a good man to slip away between two days.

Carefully lowering his trunk to the ground and sliding down the rope after it, the detectative dragged the trunk to the curb, looking for some means of conveying it hence. A flivver, crawling at a snail's pace, came up the street.

As it got opposite to him, without a "by your leave" he threw the trunk into the back seat and deftly vaulted into the front seat with the driver.

It was none other than our old friend Handsome Henry, he of the red hair and crossed eyes, that was driving. For ten minutes not a word was spoken.

"S'matter with the fliv" inquired the passenger at the end of the first block.

"Darned if I know. Bought the thing day before yesterday, seems to run alright. Can't get any speed out'n it," replied the driver as he fell to urging the machine to show a little pep.

"Been used around here much?"

"Yep; three years!"

"The case interests me immensely. I had one not at all dissimilar to this in which the auto was not at fault. It seems that the differential was missing, and while I am not a mechanic by profession, merely a poor sort of a detectative, I was able to find the trouble by applying the immense powers of deduction which I possess to the case. In your case I shall be glad to help you out of the difficulty for a small fee, enough to enable me to stand off the avaricious landlady from whom I have the misfortune to rent my rooms. For the paltry sum of ten lonesome dollars I will guarantee that I will cure the lack of speed exhibited by

your somnolent flivver."

"If by any chance you can do that for me, the ten is yours, but I must warn you, no cure, no pay."

"Drive me past a drug store, and we'll see about it immediately."

Twenty minutes more brought them to a store, two blocks away. Without explaining his design, the detectative rushed into the store and before the machine had gone twenty feet, came back with a small vial in his hand. The contents of this vial he poured into the gasoline tank.

Gradually the car picked up speed. Faster and faster it went, to the delight of Handsome Henry, until at the end of ten minutes it was performing all that any flivver can be expected to do.

"Here's the ten. But tell me, what's the answer."

"When you told me that it had been used around here for three years, I at once concluded that it was diseased. Mechanically it sounded fit, no more rattles than normal. I gave it a dose of hookworm medicine. You see that my deduction was correct as usual."

Disguising himself as a millionaire he directed Henry to drive him back.

Thus, in the nick of time, was an eminent man saved from the calumny of jumping his board bill.

(In an early number, The Mystery of the Mess, or Careful Clarence's Cookery).

Editor's note: The great detective stopped a moment to chat the other day and explained to the editor his methods of deduction which have won him such just fame. We cannot here go into all the methods which he uses, but to us they sounded plausible. We will agree with our eminent friend that they are simply awful.

Attention to Details.

The officer of the deck, desiring the reading of the compass, sent a hospital attendant, the only man within call, to the cabin to get the reading. The attendant returning reported the reading normal.

"What do you mean by normal?" asked the surprised officer.

"98 degrees, sir."----Judge

Trying To Figure It Out.

Through instigation,
I started an investigation
Of the facinating

"Dischargus."

At the termination
Of my verification,
I'm subjugating,

"So I give up."

Change Did Him Good.

Doctor---What you need most is a change of diet.

Dyspeptic---Come again, Doc! Why, that's what made me what I am today.

Doctor---What do you mean?

Dyspeptic---Five different cooks in as many months.

Do You Know Her ?

In Sparkingburg I chanced to see
A pippin of an S. T. V.,
Who looked and acted like T. B.
T. B. I always love to see----
Oh, how T. B. enraptures me!
And oh, this T. B. S. T. V.
Was such a wonderful T. B.!

P. S. and N. B.: Maybe you think it's tuberculosis, but it ain't; it's someone whose first name is Theda.

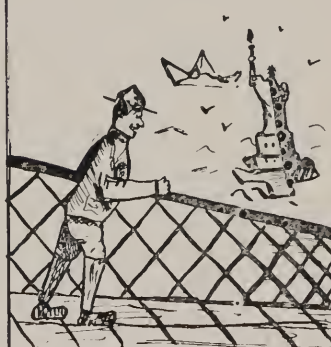
May 1st '18 - Enlist



May 10th - In Training



June 15th - Sailed



July 25th In Action



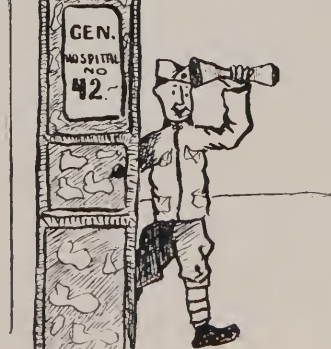
July 26th - Hospital



January 1st - Sailed



April 25th - Discharged



May 1st '19 - As you were.



Chapman



We Want to Tell "You All"—



Hospital Team Loses 17 to 5!

The hospital baseball team suffered its first defeat of the season on May 3rd, in a weirdly played game with U. S. Army General Hospital No. 12, at Asheville, N. C. Both teams put up a good battle up to the fourth inning, and indications were that it would be a close game. There had been several poor decisions by the umpires and kicks by both sides, but it was not until the fourth that a decision which for "rotteness" had no peer, put the hospital team on the skids. There was a deluge of hits and errors, and when the exhausted scorers totaled up the figures, the final score was General Hospital No. 12, 17, and General Hospital No. 42, 5. Bricker started the game and held No. 12 down until the fourth when Baldwin replaced him with three on base and no one out. Bebbber replaced him after two runs had been scored and one put out, and replaced the side. A game was arranged with the same team for the following Saturday to be played at Spartanburg, S. C. The trip was made in two autos and was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Argument Ends Game

The team of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 12 journeyed down to Spartanburg on Saturday, May 10th as full of pep and scrap as the preceding week; but the hospital team was

ready and got the jump on them at the start. Bebbber and Abbey was the battery for the hospital and vindicated Manager Henschel's judgment starting them. The game had been well advertised and there was a large number of nurses, patients, detachment men and officers present to cheer the team. The game was very tight until the eighth when General Hospital No. 12 got a one run lead, making the score 7 to 6. In our half the first three batters got on base filling them. The fourth man was hit by a pitched ball but the umpire claimed that he didn't see the play. An argument resulted, and as an agreement could not be reached, the game was called.

2nd Lt. N. C. Babcock, S. C., has been appointed Personnel Adjutant, and has been succeeded as Detachment Commander by 1st Lt. W. C. Colbert, M. C.

A Committee of Three, Sgt. 1st Cl. J. J. Carty, Sgt. 1st Cl. F. J. Campbell, and Cpl. A. V. Hutchinson, has been appointed to interview Colonel Poust regarding the desires and suggestions of Detachment men.

Sgt. Morgan and Sprint of the reconstruction Department have been promoted to the rank of Sergeant First Class. We now say Sergeant Johnson and Corporal Rivara.

Sgt. 1st. class Wm. Weissler is at his home in Cincinnati, Ohio, because of the death of his mother.

Sgt. Wm. Lorenzo and Joseph Kick have returned from furloughs.

Sgts. Dorsey Betz and Charles Thornburg traveled to their homes in Ohio together, stopping off for one night in Asheville, N. C.

Sgt. Henry Tiras has been called home to Texas, because of the serious illness of his mother.

Pvts. 1st class Baldwin, Hendershot, Hundt, Levie, Murray, Scully, and Pvt. Swift are back from furlough.

Pvt. 1st class Kohl is visiting his home in Tamauqua, Pa., Pvt. 1st class Fred Webster is home in Galesburg, Ill.

Pvt. Lewis O. Belinger left, on May 8th, for his home in Birmingham, Ala. for ten days.

Pvt. 1st class George Gataky left, on May 8th, to represent the hospital in the New York Evening Mail Marathon, which was run on Saturday May 10th.

The detachment has been increased by the arrival of Sgt. 1st class W. Swett, Sgt. 1st class C. A. D. Buck, Cpl. William W. Fitzgerald, Cook E. J. Auber, and Pvts. Henry Ditzler and Marks Ginsberg, from Waynesville.

Sgt. 1st class Gray A. Mann has been relieved by Sgt. 1st class C. A. D. Buck, as first sergeant of the Detachment.

Hosp. Sgt. Taylor Transferred

Hosp. Sgt. Robert W. Taylor is now working hard at his new station, U. S. Army Gen. Hosp. No. 28, Fort Sheridan, Ill. He left this hospital on Tuesday morning May 6 with the good wishes of his friends for continued success at his new post. He was greeted in Chicago by several of his former associates and properly introduced to the "Windy City" and No 28.

Sgt. Taylor was the first sergeant of the detachment and his loss is keenly felt both officially and socially.

He enlisted at Columbus Barracks, O. July 26, 1917, going to Fort Niagara, N. Y., and then landing in Camp Wadsworth, S. C. on August 21, 1917 where he served until May 6, 1919.

He was appointed Sergeant, Feb. 18, 1918, Sergeant First Class, August 27, 1918 and Hospital Sergeant, Jan. 28, 1919.

Sergeant Taylor was born in Mercer, Pa., Dec. 26, 1895, attended and graduated from Mercer Grammar School. He graduated from New Wilmington, H.S. in 1913 and took up music in Westminster College. He worked for the Carnegie Steel Co., Farrell, Pa., until he enlisted.

"Bobby" as he was familiarly known to his friends, was tendered a most enjoyable and long to be remembered dinner at Hotel Finch, Spartanburg, on Monday May 5, by his co-workers.



Hosp. Sgt. Robert W. Taylor.

We Wonder.

If, when we are robed in "civies,"
 And our khaki is stored away,
 If the girls in our nearby city,
 Would treat us as they do today.
 Be you officer, non-com or private,
 They treat you just the same,
 For this we should be thankful;
 It will never happen again.
 For a waltz, one-step or fox trot,
 Regardless of the "map" on your "dome,"
 They'll take you for a "try out," although,
 The first rudiments you have never known.
 They know the "line" to hand a soldier,
 They've been at it for two years;
 They've helped train many a hero,
 And sent him away with a cheer.
 Make the best of your time boys,
 The short while we are here;
 Heaven knows where we'll be boys,
 This time next year.
 Three cheers for you good Spartans;
 Your memory we'll always cherish;
 With such as you to back the fighters,
 Democracy will never perish.

"Talk Happiness!

Not now and then, but every blessed day,
 Even if you don't believe
 The half of what you say;
 There's no room for him
 Who whines as on his way he goes;
 Remember, son, the world is
 Sad enough without your woes.

"Talk happiness each chance
 You get--and talk it good and strong;
 Look for it in the byways
 As you grimly plod along;
 Perhaps it is a stranger now
 Whose visit never comes--
 But talk it! Soon you'll find
 That you and Happiness--are chums."



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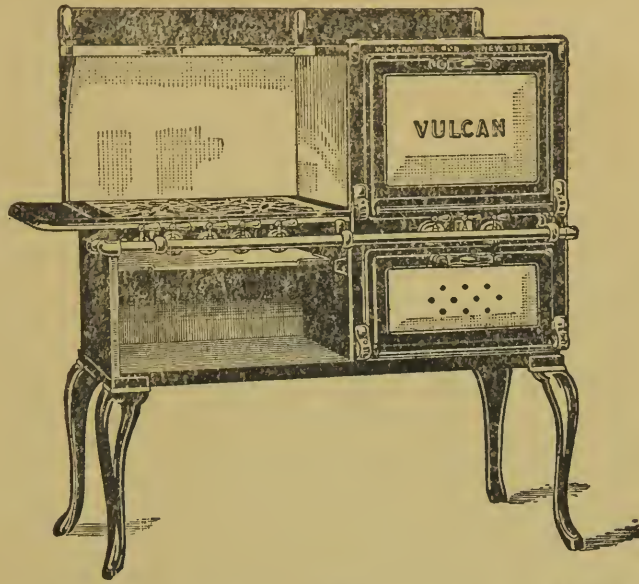
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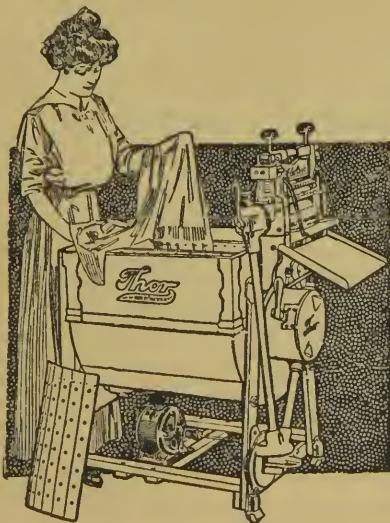
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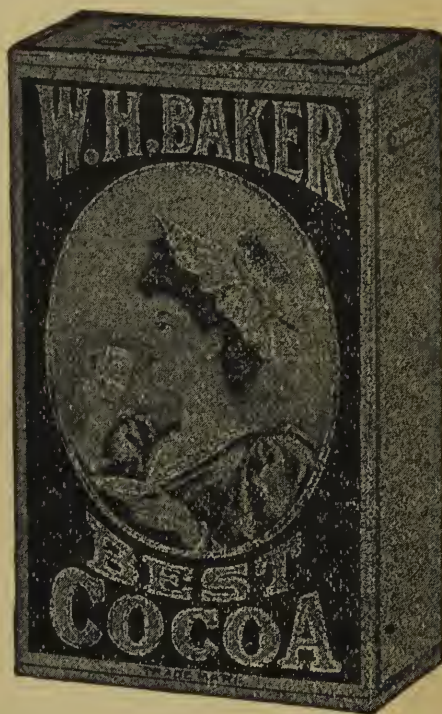
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